

# THE QUIVER

Saturday, May 25, 1872.



"I felt thoroughly ashamed"—p. 533.

## TWO STORIES IN ONE.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "SHIRLEY HALL ASYLUM," ETC.

### CHAPTER XV.—FAMILY MATTERS.

MY father, after reading the letter from M. de Vernieul, inquired if we had any message for him. My mother merely desired her compliments. "And you, Clara, you have nothing to say?"

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"Nothing more than my compliments, papa."

"Very well, my dear, I will not forget them."

I will now pass rapidly over the events of the next six months. During the time my father received three

letters from M. de Vernieul, all ostensibly written respecting the affairs of his family, but their pith addressed to myself. In these letters he certainly showed considerable ingenuity, for even if my father and mother had been of a far more suspicious temperament than they were, it would have been utterly impossible to have detected one word which would have formed the most remote clue to their real object. Nevertheless, the words "love" and "attachment" were repeated more than once in each, and yet in such a manner as not to throw the slightest hint that they were not connected solely with the subject he was writing upon.

During these six months my life, as the reader may assume, was monotonous in the extreme. De Vernieul stated in each of his letters that he had made no new associates, and went to no balls nor parties; and to as full an extent on my part I abstained from amusements of any kind. I went to neither ball nor party, nor did I form any fresh acquaintance. It must not be imagined that this arose from want of opportunity. On the contrary, I was invited to several parties, and more than one gentleman of our acquaintance showed sufficient admiration of me to prove that I had but to give a little encouragement to change that admiration to love.

Dull as my life may seem to others, to me it was full of charms. I had now entered energetically on my duties as a district visitor, generally accompanied by my mother, and occasionally, in localities where I was well known, going by myself. When pursuing my home occupations, my mind would dwell on him whom I loved so dearly, and in counting the hours till his return. Fortunately in my visits to the poor, from the liberality of my dear father, I did not go empty-handed. Though, as I said in a former chapter, he was strictly economical in his house-keeping, he was liberal indeed when called upon to perform an act of charity. He had now constituted me his almoner, with full privilege to draw upon his purse to any extent I required, and I fully profited by the permission. I trust, however, I was not without discretion in doing this, for in my acts of charity I had placed myself under the direction of our old family medical attendant, who, himself a very kind-hearted man, was well acquainted with most of the respectable poor in the locality.

Let me be excused if I delay the course of my narrative to give one instance of my dear father's kindness of heart. One day, when unaccompanied by my mother, I was about to pay a visit to a poor woman, when I met the doctor on my road.

"If you are bound on works of charity, Miss Levesque," he said to me, "let me point out to you a case well worthy of your attention. I have just left a family residing in a court at the back of Fleur-de-lis Street, where I found crowded together three children suffering from fever, the father stricken down by a fit of *delirium tremens*,

and the mother, a poor sickly woman, without sufficient strength to attend on one of her family, much less on four."

I inquired the name and address of the family, and to my surprise found the man suffering from *delirium tremens* to be no other than Derigny, the tavern waiter—who, by the way, made a deplorable appearance as our footman at the last ambassador's ball.

On visiting the family, I found their condition just as the doctor had described. I did what I could to console the poor woman, and placing some money in her hands, told her to purchase the proper food for her family, and also to get some help from her neighbours, saying I would call and see her again the next day.

I now returned home to bring the case under my father's notice, and to request some liberal pecuniary assistance from him. I did this with some trepidation, as of all cases of sickness none met with less sympathy from him than *delirium tremens*, he being strictly abstemious himself, and detesting inebriety in others. When I mentioned the case to him he made no remark, and, to my still greater surprise, offered me no money. I waited for some time, hoping he would speak, but still he remained silent, with the exception of once calling Derigny an irclaimable drunken vagabond. My mother, who was present at the time, also said nothing. Presently she left the room; I immediately followed, and when in the passage said to her, "Oh, mamma, do induce papa to give something to that poor family. He cannot know the distress they are in, or he certainly would not treat my application so coolly."

"Do not worry yourself, my dear," said my mother, smiling; "I know your father perfectly well. Mark my words, to-morrow he will visit the Derignys, and assist them liberally. So far from your application having made no effect on him, he has felt much touched by it, although perhaps he does not like to show any sympathy in cases of drunkenness. He is one of those men with whom silence occasionally is more eloquent than speech."

I now went back into the parlour, but my father was not there. We did not again meet till the evening, when not a word passed his lips respecting the Derigny family. On my visiting them the following day I found a change for the better in every respect, far more than the money I had left could have procured. On expressing my surprise, I was told that my father had called on them about two hours after I left, and that he had behaved in the kindest and most liberal manner. He continued his charitable visits till the whole family were restored to health, and that too without speaking one angry word to Derigny. However, as soon as the man was able to leave the house, my father sent for him, and with real sternness in his tone, pointed out the dangerous position he and his family had been

in, and asked if he did not think it was a warning to him that he should amend.

"It is a warning indeed, sir," said Derigny, "and one which I would willingly take; but what am I to do? All I'm fit for is to be waiter in a tavern. I can't go back to my old situation, for it's already filled up; and I know perfectly well if I get another, when I see the old temptation of drink before me, struggle as I may against it, I shall not be able to conquer it. I've tried many times, but strive all I could, I've never succeeded."

"Come then, Derigny," said my father, "let me see if I cannot help you. I want a light porter in my business, and if you think it will suit you, you may have the place. I shall take care you have not more given you to do than your strength will allow."

Derigny warmly thanked my father for his kindness, and gratefully accepted the offer, and a few days later came on duty.

My brother Edmond continued at the same school at Clapham for some months longer, strongly to his disgust. He had long since considered himself old enough to leave school and make his first start in the world, but my father had determined he should not do so till he was seventeen years of age. As before the next vacation he would attain that age, we expected he would soon take up his residence amongst us.

An unhappy difference, however, existed between Edmond and his father as to the profession he should follow. My father intended he should be brought up in his own business, while Edmond was equally bent on entering the army. Two or three elements had contributed to raise this desire in the mind of my brother. In the first place he was a tall, well-made, handsome youth, somewhat clumsy perhaps, but fond of athletic sports, and possessing a considerable amount of animal courage. Moreover, three of his schoolfellows, youths about his own age, had received appointments as cadets in the East India service; and as these were Edmond's most intimate associates, it is hardly to be wondered at that he became inculcated with the same idea. On his speaking to my father about it, he received so severe a reply that he felt no inclination to renew the subject, although his wish to enter the army remained as strong as before. He spoke to my mother, however, who remonstrated with him on the folly of such an idea.

"It is perfectly absurd of you, my dear," she said to him, "to wish to enter the army. It requires much interest to get a commission at the present time, and that interest your father does not possess in the most remote degree, even if he could be induced to meet your views. Now, like a dear boy, do be reasonable, and make up your mind to enter your father's business."

"But, mother," said Edmond, "cadetships are not

purchased; and I am sure my father, from the quantity of East India silk he buys, must have sufficient interest with some of the directors to procure me one."

"That, my dear, I will never ask him to do. You are our only son, and if you left us to reside in India for so many years it would break both our hearts: we might never see you again."

Noticing the tears come into my mother's eyes, Edmond dropped the conversation, though without giving any decided promise that he would no longer think of entering the army.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### LOVE'S PROBATION.

ONE fine morning, about three months after M. de Vernieu had left England, my mother proposed that we should pay Alice Morgan a visit. We had been somewhat uneasy about her lately, not having heard from her for some time; and as we were both attached to her—I especially—we could not help being anxious on her account. On arriving at her house we were fortunate in finding her at home. She appeared well in health, was nicely dressed, and there was an air of comfort about her, even more than at the time of our first visit. Still, it struck both my mother and myself that there was a careworn look on her countenance which seemed to show she was not altogether happy. By way of not questioning her too abruptly on the subject, my mother began by asking after Morgan's health, and whether he was still employed in the same workshops.

"No, ma'am," said Alice, with something like a sigh, "he is not. You remember when last I saw you I told you that a man of the name of Parkinson was trying to persuade him to enter into partnership with him for taking a sub-contract on some works which were going on at Woolwich, and that my husband was to find the money for the job. Well, ma'am, for good or evil, Parkinson at last got his own way. John gave up his situation as foreman in the shop he had been in so many years, and with Parkinson took the sub-contract for the carpentry works at Woolwich. They expected to make a very profitable affair of it, but it hardly turned out so. Still, it's true that on that subject we have but little right to complain. You see, ma'am, good as the profits might have been, Parkinson had half of them, while he didn't do one quarter of the work. Poor John had to work like a slave, harder than he ever had done in his life before; and that he had to get through daily from week's end to week's end. He not only had to control all the men he employed, but to work harder than any of them, though I must say he was well paid for it; he got as much as if he'd been a skilled artisan among them, beyond his share of the profits."

"But," said my mother, "you said the profits alone were not to be complained of."

"No more they were, ma'am," replied Alice, "but still the half went to Parkinson. After my husband had withdrawn the hundred pounds he had advanced, the profits amounted to about a hundred and seventy, of which one half went to Parkinson and the other to John."

"And what is your husband doing now?" asked my mother; "has he gone back to his work in the old place?"

"No, ma'am, he has not, I wish he had. I'm sorry to say Parkinson is inducing him to enter into another speculation with him. Perhaps it's very wrong of me, but I'm dreadfully anxious about John's being so connected with that man."

"Why cannot your husband apply for a sub-contract of his own?" inquired my mother.

"There's certainly no reason why he shouldn't; but, as I said before, that man Parkinson has got such control over him that it's very little use my offering any opposition, and so I say nothing about it. A better husband than John is never lived," said Alice, "but when he's once taken a determination into his head, it's impossible to induce him to alter it, so I quietly submit, and make things as comfortable at home as I can."

"And what is the new contract they are now talking about?" asked my mother.

"I don't know at all, ma'am," replied Alice. "All I know about it is that my husband is to advance a hundred and fifty pounds of the money, and Parkinson fifty. He promises John this time a larger share in the profits than the last, and I only hope he may keep his word; but it's a disagreeable subject, so I'd best say no more about it."

Alice now asked many questions respecting our family, particularly after my father's health. She also made many inquiries regarding Edmond, who had always been a great favourite of hers. "I suppose, ma'am, he'll soon be leaving school, for he must be growing quite a young man now."

"I think it very likely he may leave next Christmas," said my mother. "His father will be very glad to have him at home so that he may assist in the business."

"And I suppose Mr. Edmond likes the idea very much of leaving school?"

"Well, at present he has not been told much about it; and I do not think he will particularly like the idea of being at home when he does hear of it," said my mother.

"Indeed, ma'am," said Alice; "I should have thought Mr. Edmond would have liked nothing better."

"The fact is he has taken into his head the idea of becoming a soldier, and neither his father nor myself would like our only son to enter the army."

After a little more conversation with Alice on

family matters, we took our leave and returned home.

Edmond, having completed his seventeenth year, now left school and returned home. Although his wish to enter the army was not yet extinct, a sort of compromise was effected in the matter between him and my father, and this was chiefly owing to my dear mother's mediation. It was arranged that Edmond was to take part in the business for two or three months, and then, should he still retain his aversion to the idea of becoming a silk manufacturer, my father would seek for him some other occupation more congenial to his taste. Edmond seemed to take to the business quietly enough, although to a certain degree his dislike to it might have been somewhat ameliorated by the kindness and consideration my father showed him. But great as this was on my father's part, it was trifling in comparison with that of my mother. She seemed to study his every wish, no matter how trifling, and if she succeeded in pleasing him, her own pleasure was immeasurably greater in her success than Edmond's in experience.

And now occurred the first real sorrow of my life. So great, indeed, did it appear to me, that I imagined nothing could exceed it; this, however, to my cost, I afterwards found to be an erroneous conclusion.

The six months had now elapsed since M. de Vernieul left England, and it was five weeks since my father had received any letter from him. I now began to look anxiously for the arrival of my lover, but I neither heard directly or indirectly from him. That he would call as soon as he arrived I now felt certain, and the day the six months were completed I dressed myself with more care than usual, and sat in the drawing-room in full anticipation that he would arrive. The day passed, however, but De Vernieul came not. Another and another followed, and nothing was seen or heard of him. A week, a fortnight, three weeks more, and the silence respecting him remained unbroken: not so much as a word reached us as to the cause of his prolonged absence.

I now became decidedly unhappy. Hitherto I had attempted to console myself on the evening of each day as it passed, that the probabilities were the greater that I should see him on the morrow, but at last the deferred hope, which maketh the heart sick, began to leave its effects on my appearance. Both my father and mother noticed it, and neither could guess at the cause. When they questioned me on the subject I gave some commonplace evasive reply, to the effect that nothing ailed me. They were, however, not convinced, and proposed sending for our doctor, but to this I resolutely objected. My parents insisted, and the first real act of rebellion I had ever perpetrated towards them occurred on this occasion. I emphatically told them that if the doctor came I would not see him. And then, by way of avoiding all further conversation on the subject, I hurriedly left them, and seeking my own room,



closed the door, and flinging myself in a chair, burst into tears.

Here I remained for some hours. When my temper had somewhat calmed, I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself for behaving as I had done to my father and mother, and resolved without delay to seek them, and apologise for my rudeness. Bathing my eyes with water, so as to take off the redness caused by my tears, I returned to the drawing-room, where who should I find alone in it but M. Dubarry, the attaché of the French Embassy. For a moment I remained motionless, in doubt whether to advance or retire. I did not like him to see my swollen eyes, and yet thinking perhaps he might be the bearer of some news from his cousin, my anxiety counselled me to remain.

The absurdity of my indecision now occurred to me, and advancing towards him, I said, "Does my father know you are here? I trust you have not been waiting long."

"Only a few minutes, mademoiselle. The servant told me she would inform him of my arrival, but if you think he is engaged, pray do not disturb him. My business with him is of very little importance—connected with the silk business—mere matters of slight detail. I had occasion to visit the City to-day, or perhaps I should not have called, but then again I was further stimulated by the wish to pay my respects to Madame Levesque and yourself."

As he had been standing during the time he said this, common courtesy obliged me to ask him to be seated.

"Has your father lately heard from my cousin?" he inquired.

"No, I believe not. Indeed, it must be more than two months since he had a letter," I replied, trying (but I fear unsuccessfully) to put a tone of indifference in my voice and manner.

"Poor fellow!" said the attaché; "I suppose from the state of indecision he is kept in by the Minister of War, he has not written till his movements are further decided on. I hope, however, the affair will blow over, and then he will be able to obtain his leave of absence. If not, I am strongly tempted to think, but for one reason, he will throw up his commission and leave the army, strong as may be his attachment to the service."

"What affair do you allude to?" I inquired, almost breathless with anxiety.

"To the revolt in Algeria," he replied: "have you not heard of it?"

"No, I take but little interest in politics. But how does it concern your cousin?"

"Because his regiment is ordered to hold itself in readiness to embark, should the revolt attain any formidable proportions. The news reached my cousin about six weeks ago, just after his application to the Minister for leave of absence. He was so annoyed at it that he would at once have given up

his commission, had not a strong sense of honour withheld him. So intensely did he feel it, that when he told me how disappointed he was not to be able to pay his anticipated visit to England, the tears came into his eyes."

I could hardly restrain the tears from coming into my own eyes at this intelligence, but, however (I think), I managed to keep them back.

"You have seen him lately, then?" I said.

"It is about three weeks since I parted from him at Verdun. He requested me to call on your father, if I had an opportunity, and tell him how matters stood."

"Is the war in Algeria likely to break out soon?" I inquired.

"I think not. It is very likely the revolt is crushed by this time; but it is hard to say when such wild, barbarous foes are really conquered. Depend upon this, however, as soon as certain intelligence of peace comes, my cousin will receive his leave of absence, and ten days afterwards he will be in England. Even at the worst, he has the right, after his twelve months' service is over, to take leave of absence, whether his regiment be in Algiers or France."

I mentally calculated that in the latter case there would still be nearly five months to wait, and notwithstanding the hope the attaché held out that the war in Algeria would not break out, I could easily see by his manner that there was little hope of my seeing M. de Vernieu before the expiration of the full twelve months from the time he left. No, there was no alternative for me but to wait and hope.

My father's footstep was now heard ascending the stairs, and the next moment he entered the room. I think I felt grateful to him for interrupting our tête-à-tête; at any rate, his presence was a great relief, as it allowed me time to collect my thoughts.

As soon as the first civilities of meeting were over, the attaché informed my father of the ostensible object of his visit. I paid but little attention to what he said, but if I remember rightly it was to the effect that the French Consul General being indisposed, and his head clerk in Paris, the ambassador had requested him occasionally to visit the Consulate and see that all was proceeding with regularity. Some question connected with the importation of French silks had occurred, and he wished to obtain the opinion of the English manufacturers on the subject. My father replied to him, and in the course of their conversation some paper was referred to which would clear up an obscure point. My father had the paper in the counting-house, and sent a servant for it. A few minutes afterwards my brother Edmond entered the room with the document in question.

The attaché received Edmond in a very friendly manner. I should here mention that my brother's appearance had greatly improved since they last met. The school costume he then wore had given place to one of a far more manly and gentlemanly

description. His manners had also changed from clumsy bashfulness, or boyish rudeness, to those of a well-bred young man, and he was older in appearance than in years.

A short conversation on business matters having terminated, my father asked the attaché whether he had lately heard any news of his cousin, and he repeated to him the same particulars he had given to me. They then conversed on military matters in general. The attaché, who was about ten years older than M. de Vernieul, had himself been a soldier, and served some time in Algiers, and he gave my father a very vivid description of the trials, hardships, excitements, and other subjects of interest connected with a soldier's life in Africa. It was singular to notice the extraordinary effect these recitals of the attaché (admirably narrated by the way) made on Edmond. His eyes brightened up, and he listened with breathless attention. Numerous, indeed, were the questions he asked as to the officers' manner of life, their uniforms, method of obtaining forage and water in the desert, the difficulties connected with camp life, the sort of horses the Arabs rode, and whether, as a rule, they were better than those of the French cavalry, and other similar inquiries, all of which were answered by the attaché with exemplary patience.

All this time I remained under a feeling of considerable anxiety, lest these warlike details might renew in the mind of my brother his predilection for a military life.

My uneasiness was still more increased when the attaché, in answering one of Edmond's inquiries, remarked, "But after all I very much suspect our military life in Algiers must in a great respect resemble that of your East India troops when on service in unsettled parts. It would be a curious study to draw a comparison between the methods adopted by the two, so that either nation might adopt those portions worthy of imitation in the other."

Here Edmond started off with such animation on the description of East India camp life, as clearly proved to me that he had made a far deeper study of the subject than we had imagined. My poor father was evidently of the same opinion, for when I glanced at him I perceived a strongly-marked expression of anxiety on his countenance. However, he did not in any manner attempt to interrupt them, except on one occasion remarking that Edmond would probably fatigue M. Dubarry with his questions. But this the attaché warmly denied, and expressed himself delighted to talk over old times, and compare the different systems adopted in camp life in French and English services, and he concluded by saying that from the knowledge Edmond possessed on the subject, he should rather have taken him to be a young officer than engaged in mercantile pursuits—a compliment which Edmond evidently received with great satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

#### ANTHEM OF THE FUTURE.

**D**OWN to the future battle-fields,  
A mighty host, we march along,  
Brave hearts beneath our burnished shields,  
And in our souls a surging song;  
The distant foe before us lies,  
A mellow harvest in the ear,  
We lift our heads unto the skies,  
And know the time to reap is near.

Ho! warder, from thy battle-tower  
Look on the tented plains below,  
Observe the lines, proclaim the hour  
When we may fall upon the foe;  
Ho! captains on the left and right,  
Your loins gird up, your falchions bear,  
With the first flush of morning light  
The clarion blast may cleave the air.

Leaps the wild wind from out the west,  
Portentous stars their vigils keep,  
No halting-post, no time to rest,  
Till we have laid the foe to sleep,

And through the blinding mists of blood  
On old-world codes an altar springs  
Meet for the hopes of men imbued  
With reverence for the King of kings.

Free float our banners on the wind,  
Our steps are firm as Titan band,  
We leave the wilderness behind  
And march toward the Promised Land.  
See! see! its glittering gates afar,  
Its rich and radiant walls behold!  
But first the conflict and the scar,  
And afterwards the palm of gold!

Lo! Christ is risen from the dead!  
Symbol, and sign, and vestment, cease!  
And tyranny, with right hand red,  
Give way unto the Prince of Peace!  
On! followers of the living faith,  
Who through the lusts of flesh have striven  
E'en unto death! To him that hath,  
The crowning glory now is given.

G. LINNEUS BANKS.

## IS THERE NOT A CAUSE?

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.\*

1 SAM. xvii. 29.



WE are surrounded here with the proofs, if proofs were needed, of a people's thankfulness to Heaven for as great a mercy, by the acknowledgment of all men, as could have been bestowed upon a nation, at a somewhat critical conjuncture in its history—the recovery from a dangerous sickness of him in whom its hopes and apparently its destinies centred.

The scene which some of us witnessed in this very place on Tuesday last will never fade from the remembrance of those who took part in it. The whole circumstances and feelings of the time will remain impressed on the heart of England, and will go down with the records of her history to our children and our children's children.

I address myself to another matter, and I desire to ask of you all, to what cause it is owing that the building in which our Sovereign, representing so worthily the nation over which she rules, and her Royal son after his recovery, returned their thanks to God for his mercy—why this building, so magnificent in its dimensions and proportions, lacks not so much that splendour, but those tokens of love toward the house of God and the offices thereof, which few—shall I say almost every parish church in this country—certainly a great and increasing number—evidence in their ornamentation, their general order and comeliness, and whatever flows from love and fervour of thankfulness in the worshippers.

It chanced in the past year that, spending a day in a city on the Continent—one among many cities in the empire to which it is now subject—no mean city, and yet not for a moment to be compared with this, either in the wealth of its inhabitants, or in name, or in any circumstance of material power and influence—the city of Mayence—I saw a cathedral, which but a few years since lay in the dust of decay, now being restored and decorated in a manner worthy of the simple purpose to which this and every other shrine in the Christian world is dedicated—the worship of the Saviour. Arches which I myself had seen but a few years since begrimed with dust, dim colourless perspectives, glowed into bright and cheerful hues, the work of men inspired (why should we doubt it?) as Bezaleel and Aholiab were, to adorn and beautify the sanctuary of our God.

Kneeling, as I did on Tuesday last, in an assembly of princes and nobles, merchant-princes,

and traffickers who have taken their place among the honourable of the earth, by virtue of their skill in handiwork and their sagacity in business;—kneeling, I say, in such an assembly, under the dome of this great cathedral, itself a monument of thankfulness—itsself a witness of the piety of an age which is too much despised, I could not help asking myself why the house of God, in which those nobles and princes offered their praise and adoration to the Most High, did not bear, even in its outward aspect, more palpable signs of the belief of the nation in that inspired word, "The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine?"

Is there not a cause? Now we cannot say that it is the weakening of the nation's faith, because at no period in our history hath there been more love toward the house of God and offices thereof—displayed in church building and church decoration—than at the present. In our great universities, at the very time when we might suppose that less regard was paid to Divine worship than of old, when attendance at prayers is no longer required from students;—and what is far more startling, those to whom the tuition of the students is entrusted, and on whose example so much depends, are rarely present at the daily prayer—which is really the family worship, in the college chapel—at the very time when we should expect men to be slack in the restoration or adornment of the sanctuary, it has turned out, on the contrary, that as much as £60,000 has been expended by one college in Cambridge, and very large sums by several colleges in the sister university, on the rebuilding and restoration of the chapel. Coupling this with what has been done—and, thank God, is being done still—in our parish churches, we cannot think that the national reverence for the sanctuary (which is one of the fruits of faith) is diminished or impaired.

Why, then, does this house, to which all eyes have been just turned—in which the devotions of hundreds of hearts have just been poured forth—which stands in the very centre of commercial activity, the realised wealth of the foremost in the land, remain what it was when London was not the tenth, twentieth, nor a hundredth part of what London is now; before the wealth and abundance of the nations flowed into it; before skill and industry and science had so vastly increased every productive power; before Asia, Africa, Australia, America had contributed to feed and support and employ the multiplying inhabitants of these isles; utterly cut off—as the Roman poet described them

\* This sermon was preached at St. Paul's Cathedral on the Sunday after the National Thanksgiving, and is now, through the kindness of the right rev. prelate, printed here, in the hope that it may prove useful to the excellent object so eloquently advocated in it.

—from the whole world, now the recognised leaders of its affairs?

Is there not a cause? It is to this meditation I shall confine myself, in the remarks which I make to-day, by desire of the Dean and Chapter of this cathedral, who have deserved so well of their countrymen and fellow-citizens.

Is there not a cause? First, that which has become the very law of life to those whose occupation lies in the City is the cause. How shall they who, rising up early in the morning, come in hither for the day, and prosecute their business eagerly (the day scarce long enough for their varied employments and engagements), and go back at eventide to spend the remnant of their time with their families, in regions beyond the suburbs, and so late take rest, returning each and every day to the same routine of hard work and scanty relaxation, and who are never, or very rarely, in this city on the Lord's day;—how shall they who have never, except on some special occasion on week days, entered within these gates, and when perchance they have been present at Divine service have been struck with the coldness, the irreverence (brethren, I speak of days past, I hope never to return) wherewith the highest business in all life, the adoration of the Redeemer, the business which shall outlast all others, is conducted; who have seen carelessness, confessed and unconcealed, in every department of Divine service; who have been scandalised, when they might have been impressed deeply and lastingly;—how shall they to whom the present zeal, learning, eloquence, devotion, strict performance of duty, yea, and more than this, the stretching forth after wider usefulness, which the last few years have exhibited in those who hold office in this cathedral, have only just become known, just begun to be felt—how shall all these be touched at once by the appeal which has been made to the wealthiest city in the world to decorate and adorn its cathedral?

Mark what has happened. Not individuals—though, thank God, many persons moved with the spirit of piety, have contributed—yet not so much individuals, as the guilds and companies of this ancient city, moved by the feeling of responsibility to the trusts which were committed to them, have responded hitherto to the appeal made, more as it were on public grounds, than because the individual members of those very guilds and companies felt in their hearts, entering into this house, “How dreadful is this place. This is none other than the house of God, and this the gate of heaven.”

And yet this is the true feeling out of which the reparation of thousands of parish churches has proceeded. Till this feeling, or something akin to it, has been generated by the holy and beautiful services, the soul-stirring discourses, the zealous

endeavours of those to whom the ministration of holy things in this place is entrusted; till every officer of this church, from the lowest of its doorkeepers, through all the grades of appointed service, both lay and clerical, to the highest in charge, shall be found diligent, reverent, holy—not as though they served for filthy lucre's sake, but of a ready mind—not until then can we hope that the wealth of the City of London will be bestowed in proportion to the readiness with which it is bestowed on the great objects of charity which are continually promoted here, on the embellishment of St. Paul's Cathedral. But do I say this as doubting whether such results will be seen or no? Far otherwise. Do any of you doubt it? I trow not.

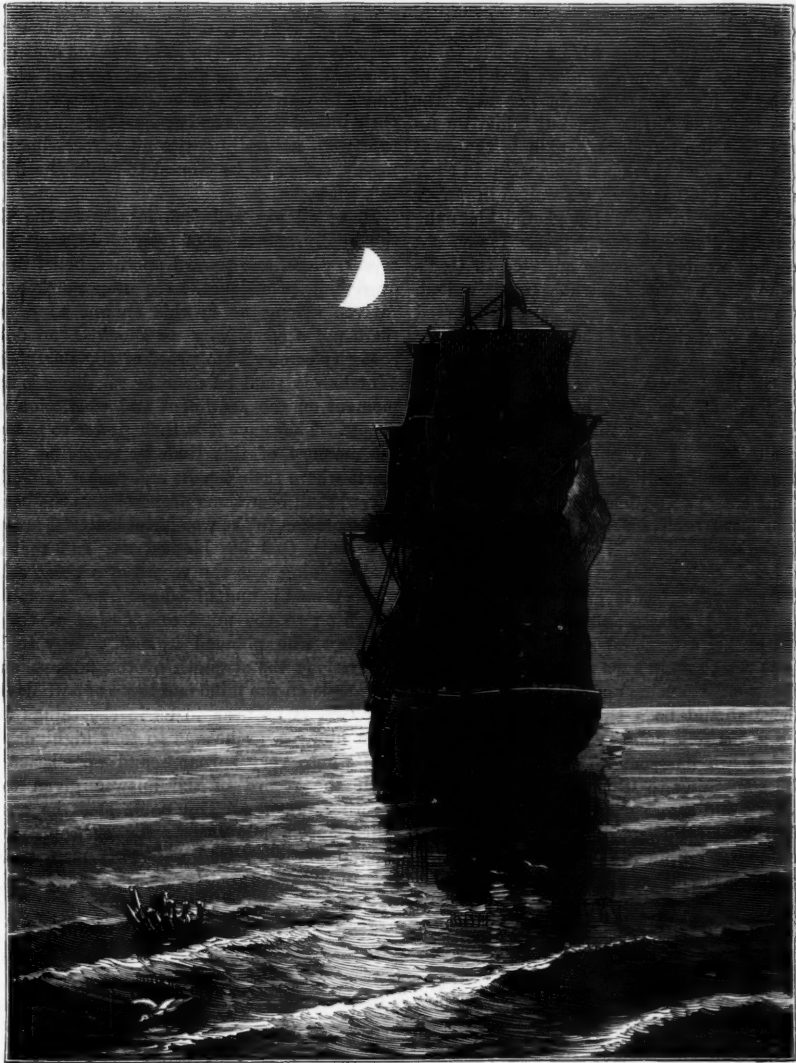
Either the spirit which is at work in many minds to destroy ancient institutions, and desecrate every consecrated thing, will prevail, or these consecrated places, and the ministrations which are conducted within them, will justify the foresight of their first founders, and bring forth fruit, as I may say, in their age.

Which of these two consequences is the more likely?—Declension and degeneration, or the renovation and purification of the sanctuary?

When the Jewish dispensation was drawing to a close, the Divine word was, “Verily, I say unto you, There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down.” But, foreshadowing what should come to pass after those days, He said by the voice of the last prophet, “From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, My name shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered unto Me and a pure offering.” And, revealing unto His servant John in Patmos issues still more remote, and what should ensue in the final restitution of all things, His word was, “Behold, I make all things new.”

I ask you to cast your eyes over this whole realm of England, upon restored, rebuilt, and newly-built churches, upon the revival of holy ordinances, ministrations, services of praise and prayer, frequency of communion—upon the growth of institutions which have for their object the mitigation of sorrow, the relief of need and necessity, the instruction of the ignorant, the help of the helpless, the conversion of penitents, the feeding of the hungry, the clothing of the naked, the housing of the homeless, the aid of the sick in body, of the bereft of reason, sight, speech, strength, the maimed, the desolate in any wise, orphans, friendless, and destitute persons—I ask you to look upon these multiplying on every side, and to consider how many instruments have been raised up to carry on these works of mercy, and then to answer this question, Whether we have need to fold our hands in despair of any good, or may be permitted to take courage?





(Drawn by FRANK CARLESS.)

"All Nature smiles and sleeps, and on the mast  
Hang, silver-rimmed of heaven, the waiting sails"—p. 533.

What has been the impression produced on the mind and heart of the nation by that dispensation of Divine Providence for which we thanked God in the week past? What lesson was on every preacher's tongue, was echoed in every hearer's heart? Even this: Have faith in God. There was a pause of deep significance in the nation's life, while we waited the issue which we felt to be in God's hands. We were not like that King of Judah who in his disease sought not unto the Lord, but unto the physicians, but while we remembered that the physician's skill is the good gift of God, and that there is a time when in their hands there is good success, we waited in prayer and humble dependence, if God should bless the means used, and restore our Prince. It was not holy men and women specially engaged in God's service who thus waited; the whole nation waited. They who live at ease; they who earn their bread in the sweat of their brow; they whose ordinary thought is pastime and amusement; they whose very life is hard drudgery, waited alike—men felt that joy, and gladness, and cheerful feasts were not compatible with the attitude of prayer and supplication. I do not exaggerate. God brought us marvellously and mysteriously to a sense of our entire dependence upon him.

Had the issue been different, we should have said with the astonished patriarch—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." As it was, we felt that our prayers had gone up on high, were accepted, answered; and if ever thanksgivings were as the voice of one man, surely ours were when we heard of the Prince's restoration and his safety.

But there should be a thank offering. There should be something done to testify the truth of feelings that are true; and that which is done should be something to which men might point in after days, and say, "That was done when the heir to the throne—the hope of a great nation—was given back, raised from the gates of death." I humbly submit that what Her Majesty the Queen

and our Prince have inaugurated by their gift, might be gracefully taken up now, first by the wealthy in this great city, and afterwards by the nation—that though this be an external work only, it is a fit channel in which the nation's wealth should flow, because it is the house of God, who has given us our heart's desire, and has not denied us the request of our lips—because it is the central place of worship, whither the great ones of the land, and all that could find entrance, resorted to offer their united thanks and praise—because the opportunity we naturally desire after receiving a great mercy, seems to be offered to us in the doing of this work.

If, as all say and feel, loyalty to the throne, the kindly affections of men of different classes, creeds, races, one toward another, belief in God's overruling providence, have been quickened and revived among us by this answer to prayer, is there not a cause why we should hand down to posterity some visible proof of our thankfulness? Whether it shall be done or no depends at this moment on the sentiment and conviction of the people. They have it in their power to perpetuate the memory of this time by resolving that the house where their thanks and praise to God were offered shall bear some proportion in the beauty of its decoration to the wonderful material prosperity wherewith God has blessed us; and that as its first building was the record of a great calamity which issued in undoubted good, so its completion, according to the mind and design of the great architect who planned it, may convey to future generations the strength of the impression just now made on the mind and heart of a whole nation, that God is as near to us in the things we call upon him for, as he was to that highly-favoured race whose very surname and appellation is in itself the record of the answer given to persevering prayer: "Thy name shall be no more called Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed."

## THY LIFE.

A SONNET.

**T**HY life hath been well imaged by the bark  
Which, sailing early on the muttering seas,  
Scudded beneath bluff buffets of the breeze  
With but a shivering compass-point to mark  
Her courses through the thick mysterious dark;  
When—not a-sudden, but by slow degrees—  
Heaven wrestled with the ocean. Ill at ease

The vessel plunged, all straining and astark,  
Close grappled in the arms of mighty gales;  
While lightning lit-up billows hear aghast  
The thunder's dread crescendos rolling near—  
And lo! a hush: and see the moon appear.  
All Nature smiles and sleeps, and on the mast  
Hang, silver-rimmed of heaven, the waiting sails.

## PAPERS FOR THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE.—II.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "PAPERS FOR THOUGHTFUL GIRLS," "SISTERS AND WIVES," ETC.

## A CONSCIENCE IN ART.



CHUBBY child munching heartily its crust or its cake is no unpleasant sight. Indeed, the young animal spends its time between browsing, frisking, and sleeping. The ruminating process exists, but it is only in its germ, and so abnormal does it seem, that we laugh when we see it exercised, crying, "What an odd, old-fashioned child; how solemn it looks as it sits in the middle of its toys, on its nursery floor, seized with a fit of pondering on human destiny—or on the kitten's tail."

The same keen appetite which distinguishes a healthy child's body distinguishes its mind, in its first craving for knowledge. If the child, a little later, seize on reading as a means of satisfying its mental hunger, and if it be left to itself, it will for the most part, as in the case of the child with its food, show little power of discrimination or selection. It will read as it will eat, to allay the sharpness of the demand for supplies, without paying much regard to what is suitable or unsuitable, digestible or indigestible. The feats which a ravenous, inquisitive child will perform, both in eating and reading, are marvellous. (Of course, I don't mean that they run parallel; the reverse is more frequently the case.) That a child should consume with relish and profit a sliding scale of edible commodities, from bread and milk to roast goose, is remarkable, but that it should sometimes add to its diet cheese and pickles, and not suffer in proportion, or suffer at all, is passing strange. In the same manner that a child should advance from "The Babes of the Wood" and "Goody Two Shoes," to enjoy sympathetically "The Youth of the World" with Pope's Homer, is notable. But lame little Walter Scott in the lawyer's house in Edinburgh, Hugh Miller in the sailor-widow's cottage by the Cromarty Frith, Elizabeth Hamilton in the Stirlingshire farmhouse, and many more children, differing in circumstances, situation, and sex have done so. It is nearer being inconceivable, but for positive knowledge of the fact, that two little girls should sit together on their nursery rug, and read a line apiece and alternately, to their contentment and not to their harm, Butler's scurrilous political satire of "Hudibras." Such an instance of exemption is a tribute to the clinging freshness and simplicity of childhood.

But it does not follow that the anxious, somewhat nervous care which is bestowed on early mental food is uncalled for. It is probable—nay,

certain—that if an injury be done to the youthful mind by knowledge drawn from polluted sources, it will be a more radical and irremediable injury than is likely to be received by the same child grown to maturity, deliberately and on its own responsibility exposing itself to similar influences; just as a little child, having succeeded in damaging its constitution by eating improper food, will lay the damage from the very foundation.

With the maturity of body and mind, the omnivorous appetite in both, which is no longer needed to maintain the growth as well as to repair the tissues, diminishes; and the principle of discrimination and selection ought to come equally into force. But here the analogy between the operations of body and mind begin to fail. Men and women may, indeed, grow comparatively abstemious in reading as in eating, when they have arrived at their full estate, but they do not ordinarily show themselves by any means so dainty in their books as in their dishes. A conscience in reading is the holding by a moral standard of truth and feeling, which forces us either to approve or to condemn a book, and to condemn with honest people is to shun. Such a standard applies not only to vile, but to mean, heartless, or essentially worldly books; to coarse-minded, low-toned books; to foolishly weak books. It should, above all, if it is to be of much practical use, apply in this age of light reading to books read for recreation and amusement. The question for the most part now is, not whether tales or novels shall be read, as whether the novels shall be good or bad. There is no more egregious and grievous blunder than to treat novels as all on the same level. If any reader would have amusement, pure and cordial, let it be sought in high and good, not in low and bad art. That brings me to the gist of the question. It has been said, and is said very often in our day, that "art has no conscience;" that imagination should be a law unto itself. Now, God forbid. But is it so? Not if God be the ruler of the universe—the universe not of matter alone, but of mind; if Christianity has consecrated and sanctified all creation from the beginning, through the mists of heathen darkness, the glimmering light of the Middle Ages, the broad, and it may be dazzling and blinding sunshine of Reformation freedom, scientific discovery, the march of progress. John Keble distinguished Christian mutterings in the unconscious mouths of ancient pagan philosophers. A far greater than Keble, St. Paul, addressed to

the idolatrous, artistic Greeks of his day, the well-known citation and reference—"As certain also of your own poets have said," and "Him whom therefore ye ignorantly worship." Art is God's, and as the Lord Christ is God, art is the Lord's, it must be true to him; otherwise, however splendid its apparent humanity, it must be but a partial, distorted, false art, which has not and cannot have the principle of vitality, of immortality, in it. The grain of truth, which the mutilators of conscience in art have on their side is, that it must not be a conscience bound, fettered, cramped, by infinitesimal dogmas and sects; it must be a conscience broad, tolerant, and tender as the skies above us, and the true Christianity of the Bible, which should pervade art.

There are some suggestive points, both of likeness and unlikeness, in the free tendencies of a child and a grown-up person where reading is concerned. Monotony does not disgust the child as it is apt to disgust the grown-up man or woman. Over and over again, in the first stages of its studies, the child will hear or spell out its "Blue Beard," or its "Beauty and the Beast," and in place of crying for something new, even that the beard of the great villain should be green and not blue, or that the Beast who began the story, at least, a beast, and changed into a prince, should begin a gallant prince, and, alas! alas! change, before all is done, into a vile beast, the child will even hug the element of perfect familiarity as a special charm in the delight of the story. However, I think that the child-like fondness for familiarity, though it frequently disappears as we get older, does not really die out in child-like natures, great and small, any more than in simple modest circles and states of society. Constancy to old favourite books, whether *Æsop's "Fables,"* Cook's "*Voyages,*" "*Waverley,*" "*Richard the Third,*" the "*Pilgrim's Progress,*" "*The Holy War,*" the "*Holy Living and Dying,*" has always been conspicuous in the largest-minded, largest-hearted men and women. It is one of the doubtful gains of the present "heaps" of books that, while every variety of taste and need may be reached, the very variety of the offering seizes on the reader, and drags him in a thousand and one directions, leaving him no power to turn back and appropriate, not only what he liked best, but felt fitted for him. This loss must be granted, though the compensation of greater width of nature for lessened depth be allowed as procured by discursiveness. But naturally constancy was easier and more common when there were few books to pick and choose from. Ladies and gentlemen had

then their single books as well known as their fans or their snuff-boxes. When reading-clubs did not exist, and libraries were rare, people were much in the habit of borrowing books, a volume at a time, from their friends, and knew as well to whom to send for a particular book as the proprietor of the book knew of his or her property. Ladies and gentlemen were well-nigh identified with their favourite authors, and grew to resemble them and their characters in thought and sentiment, in language—even in dress. One can fancy those books read in bowers and summer-houses by ladies in short-waisted gowns and scarfs, and gentlemen with their hair still tied with ribbons, in plaited shirt-frills, and broad-pointed shoes with buckles.

I remember an old lady telling me that in her youth she remembered hearing a lady who was on a long visit (and long visits were then of years' duration) to the country, complain that she had read all the books in the neighbourhood. She was then engaged reading *Le Sage*. What a quaint contrast is presented in the idea of the sharp, cynical French humourist, with his Spanish materials, studied in the kindly, primitive country house!

Incredibility does not haunt and harass the child as it tortures the man or the woman. Why should Blue Beard have a beard of so exceptional a colour to the colour of the beards of other men? Was it because he had so many wives and punished their curiosity so cruelly, as the lights are supposed to "burn blue" in a chamber of horrors? Was there ever a man with a blue beard? Why was Beauty's request so elaborately simple in its gracefulness, and possibly so unlike what would have been the request of the open-eyed, open-mouthed little lad or lass listening in sure expectation of the disastrous consequences of Beauty's passion for roses? These considerations do not vex the youthful reader. Yet this trampling down of incredibility, though it can no longer be done where incredibility is gross and palpable, survives to a far wider extent than the cherishing of familiarity in the minds of mature men and women. But the conditions are reversed. While it is the large brained and hearted men and women who do not quarrel with familiarity, it is the inferior natures, less attuned to sympathy with their kind, to which, if their sense of wonder, or horror, or coarse curiosity, or even kindred cynicism, be but sufficiently tickled, truth and tenderness become non-essential; and humanity, instead of conventionality, can be dispensed with.



## ACROSS THE LAKE.

**E**VENING is falling fast, the dusty way  
Deserted; in the harvest-fields, a few  
Tie the last sheaves; the mist is gather-  
ing blue  
In hollows hidden from the level ray;  
As by the lonely lake o'er shingles grey,  
We walk; and wait the boat, a long while due,  
To waft us o'er: then hear it slowly sway,

Approaching in the dead light of the day  
Red on the fronting shores:—so we embark.  
The sun has dropped; we float as in a dream,  
The wide night-narrow'd waters, sleek and dark,  
O'er dread depths surfaced by a sinister  
gleam,  
Mid dripping oars:—till of a sudden, hark!  
A voice—the beach—a cottage candle spark.  
T. C. IAWIN.

## THE WILD ASPHODEL.

**L**OOK, Mary, at those ears of scarlet wheat  
which I have found in the bog."  
"That is the seed of the wild aspho-  
del, Charles."

"I have heard that name before. Is it  
not mentioned by some of the ancient poets, as  
growing in Eden?"

"Yes, 'Eden's radiant fields of asphodel;' and it is  
also celebrated as the flower of the tomb."

"Why, Mary?"

"Because the Greeks were in the habit of planting  
it over the graves of their friends, believing that  
the grain which it produces, afforded nourishment  
to the dead. When I was a child, I remember  
transplanting a root of asphodel from its native  
bog, to the grave of my little brother; not that  
I supposed he could feed on the scarlet ears of  
grain, being sure that he was then where 'they  
hunger no more,' but there was something pleasing  
in the idea of the golden flowers of Eden blooming  
over the earthly remains of my baby brother; it  
seemed an earnest of his restoration to life and  
beauty. I tended and watered the plant carefully,  
although at first the green leaves were scarcely dis-  
cernible from the grass around; but, to my great joy,  
when summer came it put forth a spike of bright  
yellow flowers."

"I never heard you lost a baby brother, Mary."

"I did, under very sad circumstances, and even  
still, the asphodel is connected in my mind with his  
short life, he was so like a 'flower of the tomb,' just  
blooming to wither; but young as little Edmond  
was, he lived long enough to teach us a very useful  
lesson."

"Please tell us all about it, Mary."

"His death was the first grief of my childhood—  
but I had better commence at the beginning of my  
story. I was a very little girl, when staying at my  
aunt's house on a visit, but distinctly recollect my  
father and sister Harriet coming to bring me home.  
On the way, papa said to me, 'You have not had a  
new doll for a long while, Mary.'

"'No,' I replied eagerly, 'are you going to give  
me one now, dear papa?'

"'Should you like it to be alive?' he asked.

"'Oh, you are joking. How could a doll be alive,  
unless it was a real child?'

"'Well, and would not a real child be better than  
any doll?' said Harriet.

"'Indeed, it would; I could hardly bear to part  
with Aunt Ellen's baby, dear little fellow; I could  
not help envying my cousins having him to play  
with whenever they liked.'

"'You need not envy them any more, Mary, for  
there is a baby brother waiting for you at home.'

"'Oh, papa! how very delightful! Are you really  
in earnest?'

"'Yes, indeed, and I hope you will not tire of him,  
as you sometimes do of a new doll.'

"'Oh, I shall never tire of my dear little brother,'  
I exclaimed.

"Home seemed a long way off, so impatient was I  
to arrive there, but at last my wishes were gratified,  
and I stood beside the cot, gazing in the greatest  
admiration at my new brother. From this time  
forth I had no higher pleasure than to sit by him  
while he slept, and summon nurse when he awoke,  
for that was all I was permitted to do, though  
Harriet, being older, might raise him in her arms  
and soothe his cries.

"When baby was about a year old, our father and  
mother were suddenly called away to attend the  
death-bed of a near relative, but before setting off  
they charged us to be kind to each other, and in all  
respects to act as if they were present. Several  
days passed on, and everything went well. Harriet  
and I prepared the tasks our mother had left us;  
and had plenty of leisure for amusement also. Our  
young companions came frequently to walk with us,  
and we often spent evenings at their homes.

"One occasion in particular I shall never forget.  
We had made an appointment with some friends to  
meet together in a pretty green field not far from  
the house, to have a good game of play, and were  
just preparing to set out, when nurse came into the  
room, saying, 'Miss Harriet, I am not well, and  
must go and lie down, could you sit with baby for a  
while, he has just fallen asleep?'

"'Indeed, nurse,' replied Harriet, 'I think it is very hard I should be prevented going out, the whole party will be so disappointed. If mamma was at home I should not be asked to stay in from any pleasure.'

"'I dare say not, miss, for if your mamma was here she would mind Master Edmund herself, but as she is not, I must ask you.'

"'Still Harriet seemed unwilling. 'Do let me stay with baby; I should like it so much.'

"'No use, Miss Mary, for you are not old enough to take him up and amuse him should he awake.'

"'Well, I suppose there's no help for it,' said Harriet, crossly; 'but it is too bad that baby is to deprive me of all my pleasures; I wish he had never been born.'

"'Oh, Harriet! how can you say so?' I exclaimed, as I followed her to the nursery, where she sat down beside the cot, but without removing her hat. Nurse, who looked extremely ill, went to another room to lie down, and I set out alone to join our companions, and account to them for my sister's absence. Shortly after, I was surprised to see Harriet herself arrive, and take part in the game we were at. Running to her, I inquired if nurse had come down already.

"'No,' she replied, 'I did not wait for her; baby was very quiet, so I came away. Don't look so shocked, for I intend to go back in a few minutes and see if he is awake.'

"'Oh, Harriet! you should not have left him; you know mamma does not like him to be alone.'

"'Nonsense, Mary, I often left him before; there's not the least danger of his stirring for a long time. I tell you I shall return when it comes near his usual hour for awaking.'

"I was silenced, but not satisfied. A strange-misgiving came over me that all was not right, and when the game was finished, I slipped off unobserved and hurried home. On reaching the nursery I found everything as quiet as Harriet had described, and creeping gently to the side of the cot gazed at the little fellow. How soundly he slept, I could not even hear him breathe. 'After all Harriet was right, and there is no fear of his awaking soon,' thought I; 'however, I shall stay, as mamma has a great objection to his being left alone.' Going to the window I amused myself for a short time, looking out, then observing some of my toys in a corner, played with them, until accidentally a box of doll's tea-things fell from my hand with a loud crash. As I collected the cups and saucers, which rolled about in all directions, it occurred to me that baby must have been disturbed by so loud a noise, and I expected every moment to hear him cry; but to my great relief he did not even stir. As soon as the fragments of the tea-service were restored to their box, I went to take another look at little Edmund. Then, it struck me that his face did not wear its

usual expression; indeed, the longer I gazed the more evident it became that some great and wonderful change had passed over the child. Not that he was less pretty, for I had never seen him look as beautiful; but there was a stony, inanimate appearance about his features, which reminded me of a description I had read in a fairy tale of a princess turned by enchantment into a white marble statue. Venturing to touch his cheek softly, I found it icy cold. 'Oh, if nurse would but come down! for surely there must be something the matter with baby; perhaps if she held him near the fire he might recover. I shall go and call her.' Just as I had come to this resolution Harriet entered.

"'You here, Mary! I wish you would mind your own business, and let mine alone.'

"'Oh, Harriet! look at baby. He has neither moved nor breathed since I came in.'

"'So much the better, I only wonder you did not awake him.'

"'But he is so cold and pale; do look.'

"My sister took off her hat, and leisurely crossing the room approached the cot. She also touched his cheek, and bent down to listen for his breathing.

"'Oh, Mary!' she exclaimed, with a look of horror, and rushing wildly to the door uttered shriek after shriek.

"'Harriet, dear, don't cry so loud or you will waken baby.'

"'He will never awake,' she screamed; 'he is dead! and I have killed him.'

"Her cries soon assembled the whole household, nurse among the number, who, faint from illness and fright, with difficulty crossing the room, took the body of our little brother in her arms, for it was too true that he had indeed been taken from us.

"The cause of his death could not of course be ascertained with certainty, but it was supposed that while alone he had been attacked by a sudden fit of convulsions, from which, had assistance been at hand, he might possibly have recovered. Nurse was in a state of distraction, and reproached Harriet bitterly, which was indeed needless cruelty, for the poor girl blamed herself sufficiently already, and was quite inconsolable.

"Our father and mother returned next day, from attending the last moments of a dear friend, to find that their own little one had been removed from their care, and taken to the home of his heavenly Father. They tried, even amidst their own sorrow, to comfort my sister, by reminding her that God might have seen fit to take little Edmund, whether she had been true to her charge or not; but she could not forgive herself, and even still remembers the severe lesson she then learned.

"It was on the grave of this little brother, to remind us not only of death but immortality, 'in the sweet fields of Eden,' that we planted the wild asphodel,"

S. T. A. R.

**"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.**

207. Mention some of the Gentiles with whom our Lord is recorded to have had dealings during his earthly life.

208. Quote a passage from one of our Lord's discourses in which he points to the fact that his was to be a universal religion.

209. The Gospel narrative furnishes a remarkable illustration of our Lord's application of his claim to rule supreme in men's hearts. Give it.

210. In one of the recorded sermons of St. Peter, a name is applied to Christ which is given him nowhere else in the Bible.

**ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 511.**

199. He healed the daughter of the woman of Canaan (Matt. xv. 21—28).

200. The sower; the seed growing secretly; the mustard-seed; and the wicked husbandmen.

201. John calls them "a generation of vipers" (Matt. iii. 7); our Lord says to them, "Ye generation of vipers" (Matt. xxiii. 33).

**GOD'S WORK.**

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. cxvi. 5.

WRITTEN AFTER READING MRS. BROWNING'S POEM,

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."—Pa. cxvii. 2.



AY, bat His well-beloved are they

Who the least yearn for sleep and rest;

Who know but toil in this their day,

And, through long strife for man, are blest.

Think you, while here for us God lives  
And asks our love for these, His poor,  
He to His dearest slumber gives,  
And bids them for Him least endure?

"Whom the gods love die young," so said  
The Greek, who saw not that our strife  
Against earth's wrongs and woes must wed  
Our souls through pain to loftiest life.

What shall we, beckoned on by Christ—  
We, smiled on from His bleeding cross—  
Not hold His service bliss unpriced  
That, if He gave us sleep, we're lost?

The soul's high joys are sown in tears;  
They gather life from the dark soil  
Of labours, anguished hopes and fears,  
Of hours of restless, weariest toil.

The weak may yearn for sleep and death;  
From toil, too sore, God bids them rest;  
He gives to others stronger breath,  
That, suffering long, they be thrice blest.

Beloved are both, both weak and strong;  
Both take their service from His hand;  
Beloved are they who labour long,  
They who before Him, toilless, stand.

But, oh, not more beloved are they  
Who early rest, than they who know  
The longer toil for which they pray  
To serve Him, serving want and woe.

W. C. BENNETT.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE QUIVER" COT FUND.**

Since the publication of the last List of Subscriptions, and the making up of our balance-sheet (published on pages 560 and 576 of vol. vi.), we have received the following amounts, which have been remitted to the Treasurer. We cannot now acknowledge any further donations, which may be sent to the Treasurer of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London. Parcels of clothing and gifts of toys will likewise prove very acceptable to "The Quiver" Cot occupants or their little friends.—Ed. Q.

Amount previously acknowledged	£ s. d.	Per J. Madge, 49, Park Walk, Fulham Road, S.W.	£ s. d.	Marcia ("Fistie"), Sandymount, Dublin	£ s. d.	E. P. Naislee, Bristol	£ s. d.
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## BIBLE NOTES.

THE WICKED HUSBANDMEN (Matt. xxi. 33—41; Mark xii. 1—9; Luke xx. 9—16).

**H**ERE was a certain householder, which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a winepress in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country."

In this, as in the parable immediately preceding it, our Lord compelled his listeners to condemn themselves for the treatment to which they had subjected himself and his predecessors. We are forcibly reminded of the passage in Isaiah (v. 1—7) in the care that this householder took that everything should be provided for his vineyard which was necessary, so that in due season he might reap the fruits of his foresight. He surrounded it with a fencing, of what kind we know not, but designed to keep out enemies; a winepress was digged, into which the grapes when gathered were placed and the juice expressed from them; a tower was built, on which watchmen were posted to spy out the advance of foes, and repel them by various noises from making their attacks. When thus prepared, it was hired out; the terms are not stated, but that the lord of the vineyard was to receive some return is clear from the fact of his sending servants at the proper time to receive what he considered his due.

"The husbandmen took his servants, and beat one, and killed another, and stoned another. Again, he sent other servants more than the first: and they did unto them likewise." Such was the way in which they fulfilled their part of the contract. Their master was at a distance; "he had gone into a far country, for a long while." They thus took advantage of his absence, hoping to escape punishment. St. Luke describes the manner in which the first messenger was treated. "The husbandmen beat him, and sent him away empty." He no doubt reported to his master how he had been received. Instead of repairing in person to the scene, he gives them another opportunity of redeeming their promise, and another servant was sent. "They beat him also, and entreated him shamefully." This effort made to bring them to a sense of their duty was as ineffectual as the other. Still another messenger is sent, who suffered violence at their hands; he was wounded, perhaps in his endeavours to assert his employer's rights. He too failed, and was cast out, flung outside the hedge as an intruder, it might be, with hardly any life in him. According to St. Luke, none of the subordinate messengers suffered death at the mutinous vine-dressers' hands. St. Matthew and St. Mark show that on some of the messengers this penalty was inflicted. As there is in this parable undoubtedly an historical allusion to the past as well as to the present history of the Jews, the statement of the latter is more in

accordance with fact. Who can fail to be struck with the patience of the householder under these provocations? He gives them opportunities to return to a sense of their duty, instead of resuming at once possession of his own, and inflicting vengeance on them, as well he might have done, for thus despising his warnings and hardly using his servants.

"Last of all he sent unto them his son." The lord of the vineyard hopes that by going so far as to send his only son to them, they will surely show him that respect which he should receive from them. But his expectation is not destined to be fulfilled. The very sight of him drives them to madness. They expect, if they can get him out of the way, that nothing will stand between them and actual possession of the vineyard; and so, after taking counsel among themselves, "they caught him, and cast him out of the vineyard, and slew him." St. Mark says they slew him, and then cast him out, to be buried or not as the case might be, giving this as their answer to their master's final appeal.

"When the Lord of the vineyard cometh, what will he do to those husbandmen?" This is the question which the Lord asks, and to it he gets the answer which was alone possible: "He will miserably destroy those wicked men, and will let out his vineyard unto other husbandmen, which shall render him the fruits in their seasons." Thus they were once more uttering their own condemnation. They well knew the meaning of this parable, but lest it should be misunderstood Christ says to them, "Therefore I say unto you, The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." The Jewish nation had been specially favoured by God; had been entrusted with a serious responsibility. It represents the vineyard; its spiritual leaders are the husbandmen. Prophets and righteous men had been sent to it at various times whom it would gladly have received, had they only prophesied smooth things, but because they called aloud for the fruits of righteousness, they were disregarded, and many of them were ill-treated. At the last Christ came from his Father to call sinners to repentance, but with the shout, "His blood be upon us and upon our children," he was put to an ignominious death. The kingdom passed from them who were not worthy of it to others, who gladly hailed the Crucified One as the "Lord and giver of life."

Let us not despise Him who speaks to us, nor neglect the means of grace at our disposal, lest what happened to the Jews as a nation may happen to us as individuals—to be deprived of the glorious privileges which we enjoy of working in the Lord's vineyard in proportion to our several abilities.